



## Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact [support@jstor.org](mailto:support@jstor.org).

# INDIANA MAGAZINE OF HISTORY

---

VOL. XVIII

DECEMBER, 1922

No. 4

---

## Tecumseh and Pushmataha

By J. WESLEY WHICKER, Attica

Tecumseh, the celebrated Shawnee chief, was born in 1768 at the Shawnee village of Piqua in the state of Ohio. His father was killed in the battle of Point Pleasant in 1774. The Shawnee town of Piqua was destroyed by the Kentuckians in 1780. After the death of his father Tecumseh was placed under the care of his elder brother who in turn was killed in a battle with the whites on the Tennessee frontier in 1788, and still another of his brothers was killed by his side at Wayne's Victory in 1794.

His mother was born in the state of Alabama and was a Creek Indian by birth. The Creek Indians, Choctaws, Chickasaws, Seminoles and Cherokees were Muscogeans, while the Shawnees were Algonquins.

In 1811 in making a speech at Tallassee, Alabama on the Tallapoosa river, to five thousand Muscogean warriors, he said:

O, Muscogeans, brethren of my mother, brush from your eyelids the sleep of slavery. Once more strike for vengeance. Once more strike for your country. The spirits of the mighty dead complain. Their tears drop from the weeping skies. Let the white race perish. Burn their dwellings. Destroy their stock. Slay their wives and children. The red men own this country. The pale face must never enjoy it.

Tecumseh was more fitted than any Indian chieftain to form a great confederacy of all the western and southern tribes to oppose the advance of the white settlers of the

United States. No one knew this better than the English, who at that time controlled the posts at Macinac and Detroit, although they had vacated these posts in 1796. The idea of a confederation of all the tribes was not original with Tecumseh. It was the inspiration of King Philip, Brant, Red Jacket, Pontiac and Little Turtle.

These chieftains were all Algonquins and it was the desire of the English that the Indian confederacy include both the great divisions of the Indian tribes and Tecumseh, being a cross between these two great divisions, was the chieftain most suited to their purpose. Every speech made by Tecumseh, every act of his, from 1807 until his death in 1813, was inspired by the English officials in Canada and no one knew this better than William Henry Harrison, then governor of the territory of Indiana.

On the 27th of July, 1811, Tecumseh arrived at Vincennes. At the close of his interview with the governor which took place at this time Tecumseh declared it was not his intention to make war against the United States; that the northern tribes were united and he was going to visit the southern Indians and would return to the Prophets' Town; on his return he would visit the president of the United States and settle all causes of difficulty between the Indians and him and he hoped no attempt would be made to make settlement on the lands which had been sold to the United States at the treaty at Fort Wayne.

Soon after the close of this conference with Governor Harrison Tecumseh, attended by from twenty to thirty Indian warriors, suddenly took his departure from Vincennes and proceeded down the Wabash river on his way to the south for the purpose of disseminating his views among the Creeks, Chickasaws, Choctaws and Seminoles. His real object was to get those tribes of Indians to join with the Indian tribes of the northern states and support England in a war against the United States. He would have accomplished his purpose had it not been for the fact that the Choctaws had a chieftain as loyal to the United States as Tecumseh was to England, in Pushmataha, who was a Choctaw of unknown ancestry, born on the banks of Noxuba creek in Noxubee county, Mississippi, in 1764. Before he was twenty years of age he had distinguished himself in an expedition against

the Osage Indians west of the Mississippi. The boy disappeared early in this conflict, which lasted all day and upon joining the Choctaw warriors was jeered at and accused of cowardice whereupon Pushmataha replied "Let those laugh who can show more scalps than I can." Therewith he produced five scalps which he threw upon the ground, the result of a single-handed onslaught on the enemies' rear. This incident gained for him the name Eagle and won for him a chieftaincy. Later he became Mingo of the Olkahamnali or six districts of Choctaws and exercised much influence in promoting friendly relations with the whites. He strongly opposed Tecumseh's movement and it was largely through him that the Shawnee chieftain's mission among the Muscogean failed.

In the memorial exercises at the grave of Pushmataha on Decoration Day, May 29, 1921, the meeting of these two great chieftains was brought out very plainly and published in the *Congressional Record*, June 13, 1921. Hon. Charles D. Carter (himself an Indian), senator from Oklahoma, was master of ceremonies and delivered the following address:

When the busy closing hours of the Sixty-first congress were dragging along toward midnight, a page came to me on the floor and told me that Mr. Adam Byrd, from Mississippi, who was retiring from congress, was about to leave for home and desired to see me for a few moments before departing. Mr. Byrd led me to a secluded spot in the Democratic cloakroom and after a brief explanation enjoined on me two responsibilities, which he said he felt it my duty to undertake. The first has no connection with this meeting today, but after finishing that this fine old fellow said in a most serious way, 'Charley, you are an Indian,' and I want to talk to you about another Indian. Old Chief Pushmataha was by long odds the greatest Indian who ever lived. Our southland had many brave, heroic pioneers—Dale, Claiborne, Andrew Jackson, and others—but this primitive, unlettered Indian did as much during the early part of the nineteenth century toward saving the white population and the things it stands for as any of these, not even excepting his bosom friend, Old Hickory himself. Our American people may not be ungrateful, but they are the most thoughtless, forgetful people in the world, for they have woefully neglected giving anything like adequate credit for the valuable services Pushmataha rendered the white people then living south of the Ohio river and their descendants. While he had much to do with making my own state possible, I doubt if there is one school teacher out of fifty in Mississippi who knows anything about his history. I doubt if there are ten men in congress who even know that his body rests out here in congres-

sional cemetery, and before I came here they did not even do his memory the honor to put flowers on his grave on Decoration day. I visit his grave on every Sunday when the weather will permit, and I see that it is properly decorated at the proper time. Now, I know you are not going to visit his grave every Sunday as I have, but I do want you to promise me that you will go out there occasionally and that you will see that the old chief's grave is given proper attention on Decoration day. With 'Good bye, and God bless you,' he went out of the cloak-room, and I never saw him again, for he died shortly afterwards.

I have done my best to keep this pledge, and no Decoration day has passed since that time without appropriate decorations being placed on Pushmataha's grave, but had Adam Byrd failed to make that farewell call on me that night, we might not be here today doing just honor to the memory of this truly great man. Adam Byrd was right. Pushmataha was a great chief. He was one of the greatest Indians who ever lived. He was more than that. He was one of the greatest characters of his generation. The old chief was a skillful hunter, an intrepid warrior, a close student of nature, a powerful orator, and a persuasive debater in the councils of his tribe. He had an acute sense of justice, not only between man and man but between nations as well. By patient and sagacious statesmanship and wise, far-seeing counsel, he successfully steered the Choctaw ship of state through the then turbulent complications without, to use his own proud boast, never having found it necessary 'to raise the tomahawk against the Great White Father at Washington or his children.'

The absorbing ambition of Pushmataha was that his people might become the equal of the whites in education and civilization and take their place beside the white man in a business way, in a professional way, and in the councils of the nation. He was always an advocate of education and industry among his people and contributed much, not only of his time, but of his small income to that end. He was dearly beloved by both the Choctaws and Chickasaws, and after his death one of the executive and judicial districts of his nation in Indian Territory was named in his honor. When the forty-sixth star was added to the constellation of Old Glory the Oklahoma people gave evidence of their appreciation of the memory of this grand old man by naming one of the largest and most beautiful counties of the state for him.

But I must not trespass too greatly upon your time. You are to have the privilege of hearing this great man's life and character discussed by those much better informed and equipped than myself. I will pause only long enough to tell you something of what I believe his own people, the Choctaws, consider one of Pushmataha's greatest achievements. This has to do with the part he took in saving the white man's civilization west of the Alleghenies and specifically his reply to the wonderful address delivered before the Choctaw council by the great Shawnee orator, Tecumseh. The War of 1812 was impending and the British authorities were doing all in their power to stir up antagonism between the Indians and the Americans. The astute Shawnee

chief, Tecumseh, was sent on a tour by British agents to organize all Indians west of the Alleghenies with the purpose to expel the white American beyond the mountains. One of the first tribes he visited was the Choctaw. After his mission had been explained to Pushmataha, the wise old chief advised Tecumseh that he was only one of the three chiefs of the Choctaw nation; that the Choctaws could only take part in any war upon the decision of the general council of the tribe; and that before this was done they would probably desire to consult their kindred tribe and ally, the Chickasaws. Tecumseh then requested that both tribes be called together in order that he might lay his plan before the council. After a consultation with the other two Choctaw chiefs, Masholatubby and Apuckshinubby, and the principal chief of the Chickasaws, a general council of the two tribes was called.

Tecumseh was classed by many of his contemporaries as the most powerful debater of his generation, and this was saying much, for it was during the day of Clay, Calhoun and Webster. Realizing the full power of his oratory, Tecumseh surmised if he could get to speak to the Choctaw people in general council, they would not be able to resist his magnetic eloquence. The council was assembled, and Tecumseh, with his suite of thirty warriors bedecked in panoply of paint and feathers, filed in before the council fire to deliver his address. We must bear in mind that the Shawnees spoke an entirely different language from the Choctaws and Chickasaws, the Shawnees belonging to the Algonquin stock and speaking their dialect, while the Choctaws and Chickasaws are of the Muscogean stock and spoke the Muskogean dialect. Therefore it was necessary for each speech to be translated by an interpreter so all might understand.

The great Shawnee chief was thoroughly familiar with past relations between all Indian tribes and the whites, and he began by recounting all the wrongs perpetrated on the Indians by the palefaces since the landing of Columbus. He related how the white man had beguiled the Indians along the Atlantic coast to part with their lands for a few trifling beads and a little fire water, leaving them beggars, vagabonds, peons and strangers in their own land, to be scorned and despised by their palefare neighbors. He told how the Shawnees and other northern tribes were being stripped of their patrimony. He laid down the principle that the Great Spirit had given the western hemisphere to all red people in common and that no particular tribe had anything more than the right of possession to any lands, and therefore asserted any relinquishment of title by one tribe to be null and void, because many of the owners had not joined in the transfer. These wrongs he declared had been made possible by the ingenuity of the whites in attacking only one tribe at a time, but if all Indians would join and combine their forces in one attack at one time, the white man could be driven back over the mountains whence he came; that the golden opportunity was now at hand to join hands with the British and scourge from their revered hunting grounds eternally the hated paleface. He closed his eloquent address with a stirring appeal to the patriotism of the Choc-

taws and Chickasaws, asking if they would await complete submission or would they not join hands and fight beside the Shawnees and other tribes rather than submit?

Evidently Tecumseh's purpose had been fully accomplished. His magnetic words seemed to arouse every vindictive sentiment within the souls of the Choctaw and Chickasaw warriors; their savage enthusiasm had been stirred to white heat when Pushmataha calmly strode before the council fire and began his wonderful reply to Tecumseh's speech. What a pity that no accurate account of this wonderful debate between these two giant primitive orators was at that time preserved. Lincecum, Pickett, Randall and other historians have left us brief excerpts. Cushman undertakes to give Pushmataha's speech in full, but his recital does not even do faint justice to the original and in no measure conforms to the Choctaw's account of it. For many years it was handed down from generation to generation by tradition to the Choctaws and Chickasaws, but it can be easily understood how that method might fail to preserve all the virile force and eloquence of this wonderful address. I will undertake to give it to you in part as nearly as I remember hearing it told by some of the old Indians many years ago. Pushmataha began his address as follows:

'Omiske, tushkahoma ho chukma hashche yumma! Anumpa tilo-fasih ish huklo.

(Attention, my good red warriors! Hear ye my brief remarks.)

The great Shawnee orator has portrayed in vivid picture the wrongs inflicted on his and other tribes by the ravages of the paleface. The candor and fervor of his eloquent appeal breathe the conviction of truth and sincerity, and, as kindred tribes, naturally we sympathize with the misfortunes of his people. I do not come before you in any disputation either for or against these charges. It is not my purpose to contradict any of these allegations against the white man, but neither am I here to indulge in any indiscreet denunciation of him which might bring down upon my people unnecessary difficulty and embarrassment.

The distinguished Shawnee sums up his eloquent appeal to us with this direct question:

Will you sit idly by, supinely awaiting complete and abject submission, or will you die fighting beside your brethren, the Shawnees, rather than submit to such ignominy?

These are plain words and it is well they have been spoken, for they bring the issue squarely before us. Mistake not, this language means war. And war with whom, pray? War with some band of marauders who have committed these depredations against the Shawnees? War with some alien host seeking the destruction of the Choctaws and Chickasaws? Nay, my fellow tribesmen. None of these are the enemy we will be called on to meet. If we take up arms against the Americans we must of necessity meet in deadly combat our daily neighbors and associates in this part of the country near our homes.

If Tecumseh's words be true, and we doubt them not, then the Shawnees' experience with the whites has not been the same as that

of the Choctaws. These white Americans buy our skins, our corn, our cotton, our surplus game, our baskets, and other wares, and they give us in fair exchange their cloth, their guns, their tools, implements, and other things which the Choctaws need but do not make. It is true we have befriended them, but who will deny that we have been abundantly reciprocated? They have given us cotton gins, which simplify the cleaning and sale of our cotton; they have encouraged and helped us in the production of our crops; they have taken many of our wives into their homes to teach them useful things, and pay them for their work while learning; they are teaching our children to read and write from their books. You all remember well the dreadful epidemic visited upon us last winter, and during its darkest hours these neighbors whom we are now urged to attack responded generously to our needs. They doctored our sick; they clothed our suffering; they fed our hungry, and where is the Choctaw or Chickasaw delegation who has ever gone to St. Stephens with a worthy cause and been sent away empty handed? So in marked contrast with the experience of the Shawnees, it will be seen that the whites and Indians in this section are living on friendly and mutually beneficial terms.

Forget not, O Choctaws and Chickasaws, that we are bound in peace to the Great White Father at Washington by a sacred treaty and the Great Spirit will punish those who break their word. The Great White Father has never violated that treaty and the Choctaws have never yet been driven to the necessity of taking up the tomahawk against him or his children. Therefore the question before us tonight is not the avenging of any wrongs perpetrated against us by the whites, for the Choctaws and Chickasaws have no such cause, either real or imaginary, but rather it is a question of carrying on that record of fidelity and justice for which our forefathers ever proudly stood, and doing that which is best calculated to promote the welfare of our own people. Yea, my fellow tribesmen, we are a just people. We do not take up the warpath without a just cause and honest purpose. Have we that just cause against our white neighbors, who have taken nothing from us except by fair bargain and exchange? Is this a just recompense for their assistance to us in our agricultural and other pursuits? Is this to be their gracious reward for teaching our children from their books? Shall this be considered the Choctaws' compensation for feeding our hungry, clothing our needy, and administering to our sick? Have we, O Choctaws and Chickasaws, descended to the low estate of ruthlessly breaking the faith of a sacred treaty? Shall our forefathers look back from the happy hunting grounds only to see their unbroken record for justice, gratitude, and fidelity thus rudely repudiated and abruptly abandoned by an unworthy offspring?

We Choctaws and Chickasaws are a peaceful people, making our subsistence by honest toil; but mistake not, my Shawnee brethren, we are not afraid of war. Neither are we strangers to war, as those who have undertaken to encroach upon our rights in the past may abundantly testify. We are thoroughly familiar with war in all its details



and we know full well all its horrible consequences. It is unnecessary for me to remind you, O Choctaws and Chickasaws, veteran braves of many fierce conflicts in the past, that war is an awful thing. If we go into this war against the Americans, we must be prepared to accept its inevitable results. Not only will it foretoken deadly conflict with neighbors and death to warriors, but it will mean suffering for our women, hunger and starvation for our children, grief for our loved ones, and devastation of our homes. Notwithstanding these difficulties, if the cause be just, we should not hesitate to defend our rights to the last man, but before that fatal step is irrevocably taken, it is well that we fully understand and seriously consider the full portent and consequences of the act.

Hear me, O Choctaws and Chicksaws, for I speak truly for your welfare. It is not the province of your chiefs to settle these important questions. As a people, it is your prerogative to have either peace or war, and as one of your chiefs, it is mine simply to advise. Therefore, let me admonish you that this critical period is no time to cast aside your wits and let blind impulse sway; be not driven like dumb brutes by the frenzied harangue of this wonderful Shawnee orator; let your good judgment rule and ponder seriously before breaking bonds that have served you well and ere you change conditions which have brought peace and happiness to your wives, your sisters, and your children. I would not undertake to dictate the course of one single Choctaw warrior. Permit me to speak for the moment, not as your chief but as a Choctaw warrior, weighing this question beside you. As such I shall exercise my calm, deliberate judgment in behalf of those most dear to me and dependent on me, and I shall not suffer my reason to be swept away by this eloquent recital of alleged wrongs which I know naught of. I deplore this war. I earnestly hope it may be averted, but if it be forced upon us I shall take my stand with those who have stood by my people in the past and will be found fighting beside our good friends of St. Stephens and surrounding country. I have finished. I call on all Choctaws and Chickasaws indorsing my sentiments to cast their tomahawks on this side of the council fire with me.'

The air resounded with the clash of tomahawks cast on the side of the Choctaw chief and only a few warriors seemed still undecided. Tecumseh seeing the purpose of his mission thwarted and thinking Pushmataha could not understand the Shawnee language, spoke to his warriors in his native tongue, saying: 'Pushmataha is a coward and the Choctaw and Chicksaw braves are squaws,' but Pushmataha had traveled much and knew a smattering of many Indian dialects. He understood Tecumseh and turning upon the Shawnee with all the fire of his eloquence, he clinched the argument and settled the decision of the few wavering Choctaw braves by saying:

'Halt, Tecumseh! Listen to me. You have come here, as you have often gone elsewhere, with a purpose to involve peaceful people in unnecessary trouble with their neighbors. Our people have had no undue

friction with the whites. Why? Because we have had no leaders stirring up strife to serve their selfish, personal ambitions. You heard me say that our people are a peaceful people. They make their way, not by ravages upon their neighbors but by honest toil. In that regard they have nothing in common with you. I know your history well. You are a disturber. You have ever been a trouble maker. When you have found yourself unable to pick a quarrel with the white man, you have stirred up strife between different tribes of your own race. Not only that, you are a monarch and unyielding tyrant within your own domain. Every Shawnee man, woman, and child, must bow in humble submission to your imperious will. The Choctaws and Chickasaws have no monarchs. Their chieftains do not undertake the mastery of their people, but rather are they the people's servants, elected to serve the will of the majority. The majority has spoken on this question and it has spoken against your contention. Their decision has therefore become the law of the Choctaws and Chickasaws and Pushmataha will see that the will of the majority so recently expressed is rigidly carried out to the letter. If, after this decision, any Choctaw should be so foolish as to follow your imprudent advice and enlist to fight against the Americans, thereby abandoning his own people and turning against the decision of his own council, Pushmataha will see that proper punishment is meted out to him, which is death. You have made your choice; you have elected to fight with the British. The Americans have been our friends and we shall stand by them. We will furnish you safe conduct to the boundaries of this nation as properly befits the dignity of your office. Farewell, Tecumseh. You will see Pushmataha no more until we meet on the fateful war-path.'

Obviously these two noble sons of the forest and their tribes has reached the point where the trail divides. The Choctaws and Chickasaws were persuaded to refuse participation in Tecumseh's conspiracy against the Americans and the action of these two powerful tribes prevented many other Indians from siding with the British. The Choctaws and Chickasaws finally joined hands with the Americans and fought from the early battles of the war to the Battle of New Orleans, and Pushmataha arose to the rank of brigadier general in the American army.

On his return Tecumseh stopped for a short time with the Creek Indians. He was disappointed in the turn his mission had taken at the meeting with the Choctaws and started home with his bodyguard of warriors. He crossed the Ohio river near Shawneetown and traveled along the edge of the grand prairie to a point a little north of Danville, Illinois

where he turned east. When he crossed the Harrison trail it was dark and he was in a hurry to get to the Prophet's Town and he did not notice that an army had passed. He crossed the Wabash river near Covington and stayed over night about two miles north of Covington.

He and his party arose early in the morning and went to the Miami Indian camp near where Tippecanoe county and Montgomery county corner at the Fountain county line.

He found this camp vacated and no signs of life. He thought perhaps the Prophet had called in the scattered families but he had no idea of the great disaster that had befallen his Indian followers, and he hurried on to the mouth of the Tippecanoe river. It was dark when he reached the site of the Prophet's Town. He had not met a single soul to give him any information. As he peered through the darkness there was no light and no sound, nor any indication of life in the village that he had left on his southern trip. In the village he found one lone inhabitant, an old Indian squaw who had been unable to travel with the rest of the Indians when they left. She related to him the results of the battle of Tippecanoe and told him the Shawnees and those who had survived the battle had gone to Canada. He stayed over night at the camp and early the next morning he started on his journey sad and broken-hearted to join the scattered remnants of the northern tribes that had gathered about him.

He allied himself immediately with the English in Canada and by them was made a brigadier-general in the British service and commander-in-chief of all the Indian allies of the War of 1812 in the British army.

In the late spring or early summer of 1813 Tecumseh made a second trip to Alabama, to see the Muscogean Indians. On this trip he appeared in an entirely different role. His hope of a confederation of all the Indian tribes north and south had completely faded away with the signal defeat of his brother, the Prophet, at the battle of Tippecanoe, and now he was a brigadier-general in the English army and his object was to get his mother's tribes, the Muscogean Indians, to cast their fortunes with himself and the English in the war that was then a reality.

Lossing says in *The First Century of the United States Affairs* in the extreme south assumed a serious aspect during the summer of 1813. In the spring of that year Tecumseh (who was slain on the Thames a few months later) went among the southern tribes to arouse them to wage war upon the white people and the powerful Creeks yielded to his persuasions.

Charles A. Goodrich says, in his *History of the United States*:

The discontentment of the warring spirit of the Creeks had been much increased and their hostile spirit inflamed through the influence of the celebrated Tecumseh, who in 1813 had made them a visit, at which time he passed through the region with a view to persuade them to shake off the impressions of civilized life and return to their former more independent and unshackled mode of living. By means of the eloquence of this savage Demosthenes the party hostile to the United States was much increased—a civil war commenced—and a vexatious border warfare was begun upon the whites.

The Creeks received arms and presents from the British government, made with a view to enlisting them against the United States in the war in which the former were now engaged with the latter.

The commencement of hostilities by the Creeks in two months after Tecumseh's second visit was an attack upon Fort Mims, on the 30th of August, 1813. About noon, the garrison of the fort was surprised by about six hundred Indians. At first the American troops stood upon their defense, and repulsed the savages; but on being harangued by their chief, Weatherford, they returned with augmented fury, drove the besieged into the houses and set them on fire. A shocking massacre ensued. Not one was spared by the savage monsters, and but a few effected their escape. Only seventeen out of three hundred men, women and children, who had taken refuge in the fort from adjoining settlements, were left to convey the melancholy tidings to the surrounding inhabitants.

On the receipt of this disastrous intelligence, two thousand men from Tennessee, under General Jackson, and five hundred under General Coffee, immediately marched to the country of the Creeks. On the second of November, General Jackson detached General Coffee, with nine hundred mounted cavalry and mounted riflemen, from his headquarters, the Ten Islands, on the Coosa river, to attack a body of Creeks at Tallushatches. This attack was made on the morning of the third, and resulted in the repulse of the Indians, who lost in killed two hundred, and eighty-four were taken prisoners. The killed and wounded of the Americans were forty-six.

According to a distinguished historian of Mississippi, Dr. Frank Riley, it was on the site of the town of Pushmataha,

Alabama, in 1813, where the Creek Indians had invited the Choctaws to join them in a council, that this Choctaw chief appealed to them for two long July days, from early morn to late evening hours, urging the Creek warriors, with all the fervor, wisdom, and logic at his command, not to heed the illconceived advice of the shrewd Tecumseh, but to remain neutral, and refuse to join in a war upon the American flag.

**Chief of a nation that prided itself on never having shed the white man's blood, having won that title by valorous deeds amongst his own race, so distinguished himself, battling in defense of the white man's home that General Jackson commissioned him a brigadier general in the United States army** Pushmataha stands out singly and alone the only man of his race who ever attained so high a rank in our army.

Pushmataha returning home by way of St. Stephens, assembled the Choctaw warriors at the council grounds, near Meridian, Mississippi, and delivered to them a memorable oration. After stating to his people that several hundred of his white friends had been killed at Fort Mims, and many massacred in the Tombigbee settlements, and after stating that President Washington, whom he had visited, had advised the Indians not to engage in war, one tribe with another said:

Who that is a man and a warrior can be idle at home and hear of his friends being butchered around him? I am a man and a warrior. I will not advise you to act contrary to the advice of our good father, but I will go and help my friends.

If any of you think proper to follow me voluntarily, I will lead you to victory and to glory! I, too, am a man and a warrior, and will follow the chief!

was shouted back by every one of his sturdy warriors. They followed their chief to victory at the Holy Ground, Horse Shoe Bend, and many other historic battlefields, shedding their blood and laying down their lives for their friends. If the spirit of this mighty chief could look from the happy hunting grounds beyond the sun and view the civilization he saved, it might well declare, "Pushmataha builded better than he knew."

Tecumseh came back north and entered immediately into active service with the British army. He had under his

command some two thousand Indian warriors, representing seventeen allied northern tribes. He led them at Frenchtown, the Raisin, Fort Meigs, and Fort Stevenson, and covered Proctor's retreat after Perry's decisive victory on Lake Erie, until he finally declined to retreat further and compelled Proctor to make a stand on the river Thames, near the present site of Chatham, Ontario, where he, with many of his warriors, were killed on October 5, 1813. The remaining northern Indians immediately deserted the British army.

Charles A. Goodrich, in his history, says of Tecumseh:

He was in several respects the most celebrated Indian warrior which ever raised an arm against the Americans. He had been in almost every engagement with the whites, since Harmar's defeat, although at death he scarcely exceeded forty years of age. Tecumseh has received the stamp of greatness from the hand of nature, and had his lot been cast in a different state of society, he would have shone one of the most distinguished of men. He was endowed with a powerful mind, with the soul of a hero. There was an uncommon dignity in his countenance and manners. By the former he could easily be discovered, even after death, among the rest of the slain, for he wore no insignia of distinction. When girded with a silk sash, and told by General Proctor that he was made a brigadier in the British service, for his conduct at Brownstown and Magagua he returned the present with respectful contempt. Born with no title to command, but his native greatness, every tribe yielded submission to him at once, and no one ever disputed his precedence. Subtle and fierce in war, he was possessed of uncommon eloquence—his speeches might bear a comparison with those of the most celebrated orators of Greece and Rome. His invective was terrible, as may be seen in the reproaches which he applied to Proctor, a few days before his death, in a speech which was found among the papers of the British officer. His form was uncommonly elegant, his stature about six feet, his limbs perfectly proportioned. He was honorably interred by the victors, by whom he was held in much respect, as an inveterate, but magnanimous enemy.

The Creek Indians, under their Prophet, Weatherford, continued in the war with the English.

In January, 1814, General Jackson was reinforced by eight hundred volunteers, designed to supply the place of the Tennessee militia, whose term of service having expired had returned home. With this force he successfully attacked and defeated the Creeks, during the month, at Emucfau and Enotachopco.

Notwithstanding repeated defeats and serious losses, the

Creeks remained unsubdued. Still determined not to yield, they commenced fortifying the bend of the Tallapoosa river, called by them Tohopeka, but by the Americans, Horse-Shoe-Bend. Their principal defense consisted of a breastwork, from five to eight feet high, across the peninsula by means of which nearly one hundred acres of land were rendered admirably secure. Through this breastwork a double row of port-holes were so artfully arranged that whoever assailed it, must be exposed to a double and cross fire from the Indians, who lay behind, to the number of one thousand.

Against this fortified refuge of the infatuated Creeks, General Jackson, having gathered up his forces, proceeded on the twenty-fourth of March. On the night of the twenty-sixth, he encamped within six miles of the bend. On the twenty-seventh, he detached General Coffee, with a competent number of men, to pass the river, at a ford three miles below the bend, for the purpose of preventing the Indians effecting their escape, if inclined, by crossing the river.

With the remainder of his force, General Jackson now advanced to the front of the breastwork, and at half past ten planted his artillery on a small eminence, at only a moderate distance.

Affairs being now arranged, the artillery opened a tremendous fire upon the breastwork, while General Coffee, with his force below, continued to advance towards an Indian village, which stood at the extremity of the peninsula. A well directed fire across the river, which here is but about one hundred yards wide, drove the Indian inhabitants from their houses up to the fortifications.

At length, finding all his arrangements complete, and the favorite moment arrived, General Jackson led on his now animated troops to the charge. For a short time an obstinate contest was maintained at the breastwork—muzzle to muzzle through the port-holes—when the Americans succeeded in gaining the opposite side of the works. A mournful scene of slaughter ensued. In a short time the Indians were routed, and the whole plain was strewed with the dead. Five hundred and fifty-seven were found, and a large number were drowned in attempting to escape by the river. Three hundred women and children were taken prisoners. The loss of the Americans was twenty-six killed, and one hundred and

seven wounded. Eighteen friendly Cherokees were killed, and thirty-six wounded, and five friendly Creeks were killed and eleven wounded.

This signal defeat of the Creeks put an end to the war. Shortly after, the remnant of the nation sent in their submission. Among these was the prophet and leader, Weatherford. In bold and impressive language, he said:

I am in your power. Do with me what you please. I have done the white people all the harm I could. I have fought them and fought them bravely. There was a time, when I had a choice. I have none now—even hope is ended. Once, I could animate my warriors; but I cannot animate the dead. They can no longer hear my voice, their bones are at Tallushatches, Talladega, Emucfau, and Tohopeka. While there was a chance of success, I never supplicated peace; but my people are gone, and I now ask it for my nation and myself.

On the ninth of August, a treaty was made with them by General Jackson. They agreed to yield a portion of their territory as indemnity for the expenses of the war, to allow the opening of roads through their lands, to admit the whites to the free navigation of their rivers, and to take no more bribes from the British.

All the Indian tribes, both north and south, who were persuaded by the eloquent Shawnee chieftain to follow this forlorn hope and join the English army to drive the Americans from the western frontier, had met with defeat, deserted by the English army, were captured and killed within a year from Tecumseh's return from his second trip south; and when their Indian allies were all gone and the English had to do their own fighting, they were ready to negotiate for terms of peace.

Pushmataha was right. Tecumseh was ever a troublemaker and a disturber. He was a renegade from his own tribe. He never engaged in a successful warfare or battle, and was at all times a hireling of the British government, using his influence and his relationship with the various tribes of Indians to further his personal interests, and the most that can be said for him is that "He was in several respects the most celebrated Indian warrior which ever raised an arm against the Americans."

Senator Carter is right. Pushmataha, the Choctaw chieftain, was the greatest Indian who ever lived. He died in the



City of Washington, of the croup, in the sixtieth year of his age, after returning from a visit to General Lafayette, on the 24th day of December, 1824. When he was buried in the National cemetery at Arlington, on ground contiguous to the place of interment there was an immense concourse of citizens, a long train of carriages, cavalry, military, bands of music, the whole procession extending at least a mile in length; and there were thousands lining the way and filling the doors and windows along the line of his funeral train, and Andrew Jackson and General Lafayette stood by with uncovered heads when his body was lowered into the grave.

In the senate of the United States a tribute was paid to this Choctaw chieftain by the celebrated John Randolph, who said:

Sir, in a late visit to the public grave-yard, my attention was arrested by the simple monument of the Choctaw chief, Pushmataha. He was, I have been told by those who knew him, one of nature's nobility; a man who would have adorned any society. He lies quietly by the side of our statesmen and high magistrates in the region—for there is one such—where the red man and the white man are on a level. On the sides of the plain shaft that marks his place of burial, I read these words: 'Pushmataha, a Choctaw chief, lies here. This monument to his memory is erected by his brother chiefs, who were associated with him in a delegation from their nation in the year 1824, to the Government of the United States. Pushmataha was a warrior of great distinction. He was wise in council, eloquent in an extraordinary degree; and on all occasions, and under all circumstances, the white man's friend. He died in Washington, on the 24th day of December, 1824, of the croup, in the sixtieth year of his age.'

Claiborne said of him, speaking of his funeral nearly ninety-seven years ago:

The remains of Pushmataha were committed to the earth in the Congress burying ground amid the roar of artillery and the music of muffled drums, and his last words were engraved upon his tomb. Thus closed the career of one who in civilized life would have adorned the senate and been regarded by posterity as we now regard the heroes of antiquity; a man of the noblest attributes, who had it in his power to depopulate our territories, but whose arm was always extended for the protection of the whites.

Adam Byrd was right. Pushmataha was by long odds the greatest Indian who ever lived. In every battle and every

war in which he took part he was victorious. He always held the interests of the Indians and their various tribes above his personal interests. He used his efforts to keep them from war, and that they might become intelligent, useful American citizens.

We of Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Ohio, Wisconsin and Minnesota are as deeply indebted to him for his opposition to Tecumseh and his confederacy as are the states of Alabama, Mississippi and Oklahoma. His efforts were not local in their effect, but extended to the entire government, and we Americans should let honor fall where honor belongs; and as between Tecumseh, the Shawnee chieftain and brigadier-general in the British army, and Pushmataha, the Choctaw chieftain and brigadier-general in the American army, Tecumseh giving his service and his life to the British and for them, Pushmataha giving his life to the United States of America, and for it, after the passing of more than a century of years since these chieftains lived and warred, we should extol the virtues of this worthy chieftain in all the states of our union.